DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 034 328 EC 004 263

AUTHOR	Alden, Jerome; Johnesse, Adaline
TITLE	These Are Not Children; A Play About Opportunities for the Mentally Retarded.
INSTITUTION	Family Services Association of America, New York. Plays for Living.
SPONS AGENCY	Rehabilitation Services Administration (DHEW), Washington, D.C.
PUB DATE	62
NOTE	40p.
EDRS PRICE	EDRS Price MF-$0.25 HC-$2.10
DESCRIPTORS	*Adjustment (to Environment), Drama, *Exceptional Child Services, Family Relationship, *Mentally Handicapped, Parent Attitudes, Public Education, Skits, *Vocational Rehabilitation

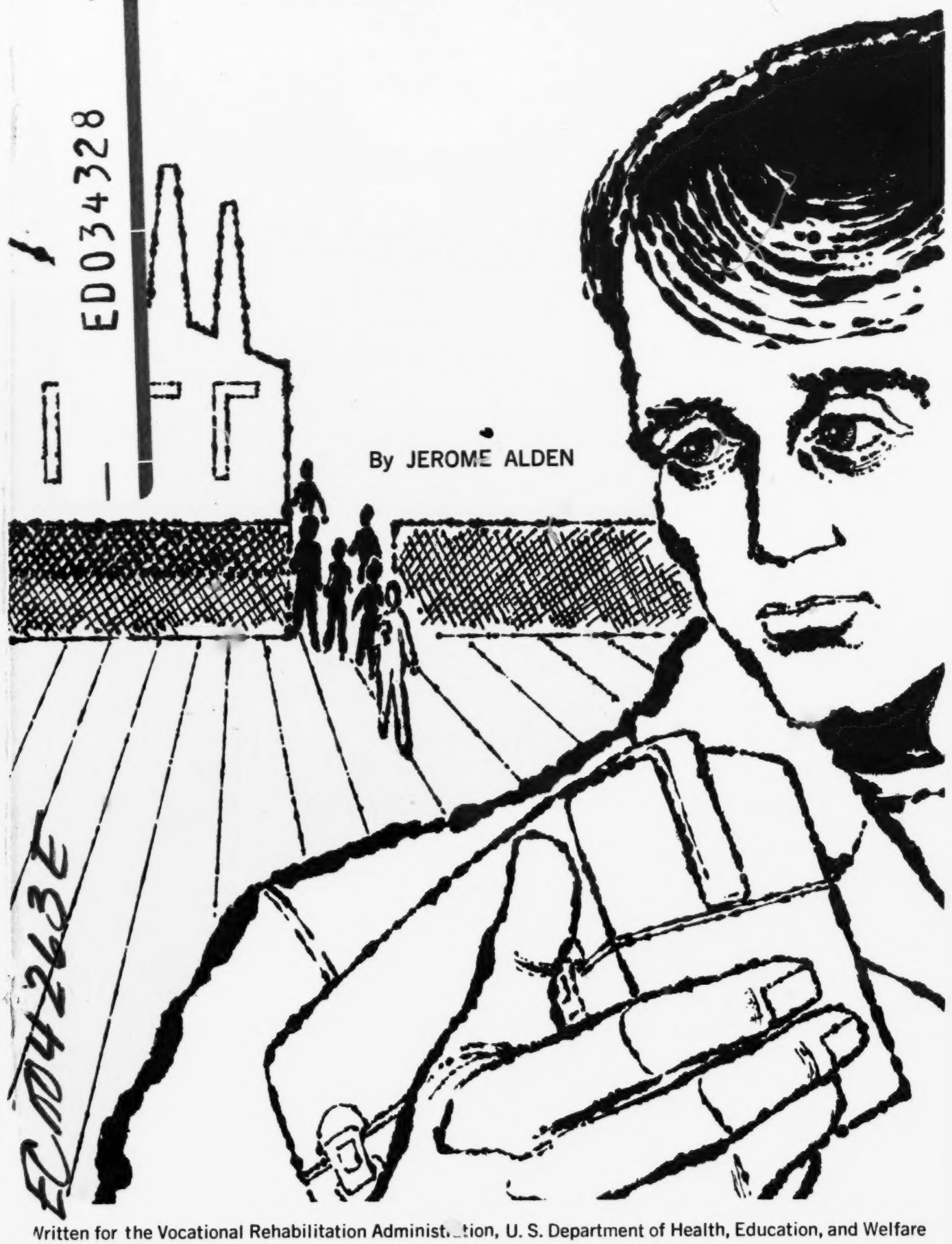
ABSTRACT

The play, which involves a mentally retarded youth, his parents, and a rehabilitation counselor, gives dramatic emphasis to the youth's problems in adjusting to the outside world and to the adjustment problems of the parents. The character of Joey is used to demonstrate that the retarded can be helped to lead useful and productive lives and to gain feelings of status and pride. A discussion guide is included. (LE)

PLAYS FOR LIVING®

A division of the Family Service Association of America

ED034328



By JEROME ALDEN

ED042432

Written for the Vocational Rehabilitation Administration, U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare

ED034328

PLAYS FOR LIVING®

A Division of

FAMILY SERVICE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

THESE ARE NOT CHILDREN

A Play About Opportunities for the Mentally Retarded

by

JEROME ALDEN

With a Specially Written Discussion Guide

by

ADALINE JOHNESSE

Written and produced for

VOCATIONAL REHABILITATION ADMINISTRATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
Washington 25, D.C.

FAMILY SERVICE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
44 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE
OFFICE OF EDUCATION

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL OFFICE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY.

NOTICE

1. Written by Jerome Alden for PLAYS for LIVING Division of Family Service Association of America, under contract by the Vocational Rehabilitation Administration, U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

2. This material can be used only by living actors appearing in the immediate presence of their audience. In New York City, and within a 50-mile radius thereof, this play can be performed only by a professional cast controlled by PLAYS for LIVING Division of Family Service Association of America, 44 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.

3. Credit for this material must be given to the author, Jerome Alden; the Vocational Rehabilitation Administration, U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; and to PLAYS for LIVING Division of Family Service Association of America - said credit to appear on printed programs and publicity, if any; otherwise by announcement from the stage.

PURPOSE OF PLAYS

The plays written and produced under the auspices of PLAYS FOR LIVING, FSAA, are intended to give dramatic emphasis to the situations in the community which need recognition, greater understanding, discussion, and at times action. These plays are written by professionals from the theatre, in conference with authorities in the various fields under consideration so that the content of the plays will be sound. In any community there are many points of view. These plays are not ends in themselves, but are written to stimulate discussion. PLAYS FOR LIVING believes that such discussion offers opportunity for exploring divergent points of view and leads both to clarification and new comprehension of the problem presented.

CAST

STAGE MANAGER - Man in his late thirties or early forties who also doubles as the Doctor.

SARAH JORDAN - A woman in her middle forties.

HARRY JORDAN - Her husband - about the same age.

JOEY - Their retarded son - 20 years old.

PAUL RODMAN - A rehabilitation counselor - late thirties or early forties.

COSTUMES

SARAH - Simple daytime dress.

HARRY - Slacks and cardigan sweater.

JOEY - Sport shirt and slacks.

RODMAN - Business suit.

PROPS

ON STAGE

7 armless straight back chairs (A piano bench may be used instead of chairs #5 and #6)

Newspaper on chair #1

Purse on chair #4

OFF STAGE

Doorbell

Sports jacket, baseball hat and glove and pay check for Joey

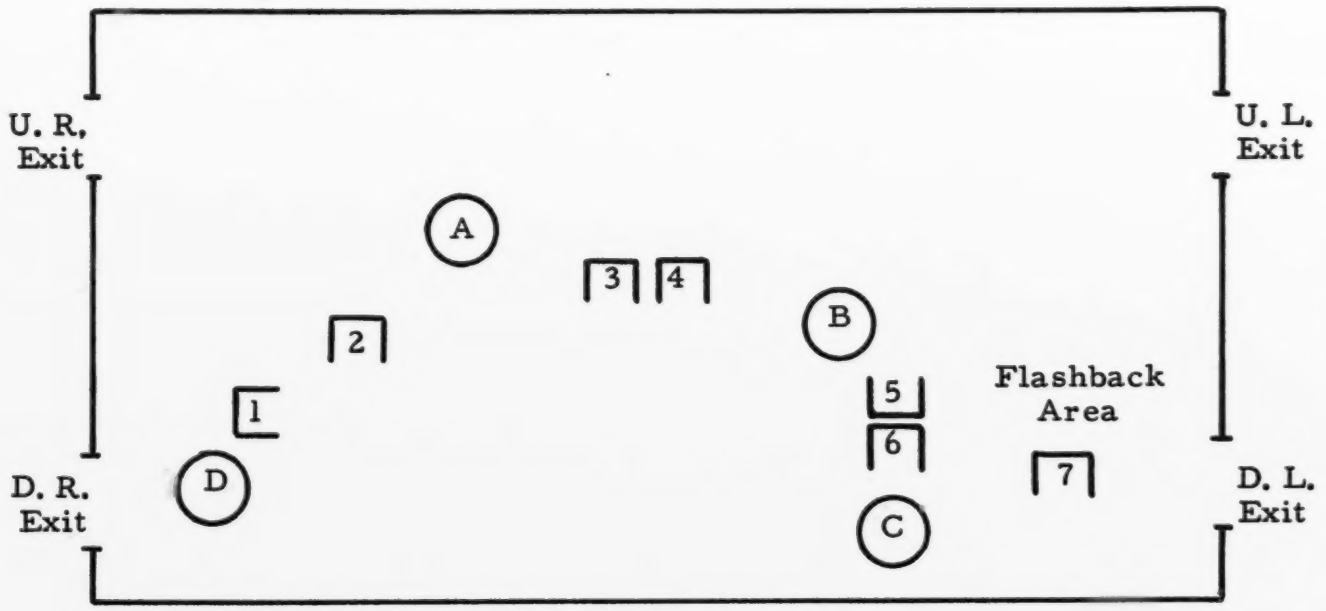
Apron for Sarah

Letter for Harry

SETTING

The play is presented without scenery. The furniture is placed according to the diagram below. If the playing area does not have built-in entrances as indicated in the diagram, folding screens may be used to conceal the actors when they are offstage.

Note: Numbers in stage directions refer to chair numbers in diagram.



PRODUCTION NOTES

Stage directions are always written from the actor's viewpoint in indicating "right" and "left". "Downstage" means the section nearest the audience, and "upstage" the section nearest the back wall of the playing space. The chart below will be helpful in making clear the different areas referred to in the script. Abbreviations are used as follows: R, right; L, left; C, center; D, downstage or down; U, upstage or up.

	UR	URC	UC	ULC	UL
R		RC	C	LC	L
DR		DRC	DC	DLC	DL

AUDIENCE

A "cross" refers to an actor's moving from one part of the stage to another. All crosses, unless otherwise indicated, are made "below" (downstage of) any other actors standing in the path of the movement, rather than "above" (upstage, in back of) that person.

The following notes will be of assistance in the development of the characterizations:

THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

SARAH JORDAN - is a practical, capable woman in her middle forties. She's been married for 22 years. For 15 of those years, she has lived with the knowledge that she gave birth to a mentally-retarded human being. So she has lived most of her married life with an undercurrent of guilt. To compensate for this feeling, she quickly took over the responsibility for the growth of this child, for protecting him and cushioning him against the outside world. With this kind of emotional strength, she has literally pushed her husband away from this child; and she has pulled the family from decision to decision to decision where the constant choices affected Joey, the mentally-retarded child. But her husband has been strong enough in other areas of their marriage, so there has been a balance--and another, healthy, normal son--so the marriage has not disintegrated.

When we meet Sarah in the play, she is at the point of making the hardest decision of all; one she cannot seem to make by herself. She is anxious, and confused - because she knows she needs help - she now needs someone to lean on a little. Her action during the play is really a call for help without her being emotionally able to say the words to her husband.

HARRY JORDAN - her husband, is a solid, placid bookkeeper. He has seemed to understand his wife's needs: from an emotional rather than an intellectual point-of-view. And he has let her dominate in the matter of Joey because it has eased his own sense of guilt. Like many fathers of mentally-retarded children (maybe even <u>most</u> fathers) - his wife's strength in this situation has given him an easy-way-out; has made it possible for him to almost ignore the existence of this half-human-being. He has literally walked away from responsibility for decisions that affect Joey. He has concentrated his living on work; and on enjoying the growth of his healthy son.

His action during the play, is to quietly avoid being pulled from passive to active participant in this locked-door part of his marriage. But he slowly gets hauled out of his shell because of emotional necessity, because of practical facts and, because he's not a stupid man; he recognizes that both his wife and his son need him to participate.... to become involved.

JOEY - this boy is 20 years old; and should look his age. Although mentally-retarded people do not progress beyond a certain mental level, they do mature physically, like everyone else. He should not be played as if he were a bright nine-year-old -- because then his attitude and his reactions would be quick and sharp. This boy has very slow reflexes as if there was a slight pause before reacting, as if his mind were searching for a few moments to find the correct signals to send through his body. He is warm and pleasant and very pliable. He wants what he is told to want and in his slow, methodical way, he wants mostly to please.

PAUL RODMAN - a rehabilitation counselor. Because he is in his late thirties or early forties, we know that he has had a great deal of experience in meeting and working with people. His highly-developed knowledge of human relations lets him talk to people without getting overemotional; facts are part of his vocabulary; a natural part of his everyday language so when he argues - those facts must not become a lecture - he spins them out, tosses them off without making them into headlines or points!

Like all such counselors, he is a very dedicated man-- and he is aroused--but he works hard to subdue his emotions. He keeps them in check because he is the voice of reason.

THESE ARE NOT CHILDREN

THE STAGE HAS NO CURTAIN. AS THE AUDIENCE COMES IN, THEY SEE CHAIRS, BENCHES, TABLES--PLACED TO REPRESENT THE LIVING ROOM OF A TYPICAL HOME. HOWEVER, THIS "SET" ONLY INHABITS PART OF THE STAGE; ONE SIDE IS LEFT FREE. THIS IS WHERE THE "FLASHBACKS" WILL BE PLAYED.

THE STAGE MANAGER ENTERS FROM UP LEFT AND MOVES AROUND TO PUSH A CHAIR OR STRAIGHTEN A TABLE, AND WHEN THE AUDIENCE FINALLY RECOGNIZES THAT SOMETHING IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN--THE HOUSELIGHTS DIM DOWN AND OUT: THE STAGELIGHTS GO UP. AND THE STAGE MANAGER MOVES DOWN FRONT BELOW #6.

STAGE MANAGER: These chairs represent a kind of universe: in it people spin round and round each other trying to touch; to be in love; to laugh; to cry--trying very hard to be a family. This is a living room very much like yours; (CROSSING IN ARC TO STAGE RIGHT) furnished the way you furnish your living room. Behind--if you look carefully--you can see the forest of television aerials reaching up into the sky to catch the wisdoms of our age. Maybe you can see the buds ready to break open on the trees; feel the first sweet touch of spring shivering down your back as if something were about to happen. This is the present. (HE MOVES TO STAND IN THE "FLASHBACK" AREA DOWN LEFT.) Over here is the "outside" world. Here we can remember things. Here we can call back the past. The future? Well, that's part of what this is about.

(A MAN AND WOMAN ENTER FROM UP RIGHT. HE SITS ON #3 CHAIR; READS A LETTER. SHE STANDS, BELOW #2, NERVOUS AND ANXIOUS ABOUT SOMETHING. SHE WEARS A HOUSE-DRESS. HE WEARS A CARDIGAN SWEATER. BOTH ARE IN THEIR MIDDLE FORTIES.)

STAGE MANAGER: The time is right now. A time of decision. The city is your city. These two people happen to be called

Sarah and Harry Jordon; but they could very easily be you. (EXIT LEFT)

(AFTER A VERY SLIGHT PAUSE A BOY OF 20 RUSHES ACROSS THE STAGE. HE WEARS A BRIGHT COLORED SPORTS-JACKET AND A BASEBALL CAP. HE HAS A BASEBALL MITT ON ONE HAND AND IS POUNDING IT WITH THE OTHER AS HE CROSSES THE STAGE. HE'S HAPPY AND EXCITED AND LAUGHS SLIGHTLY AS HE TALKS. WE SEE THAT HE'S A GOOD-LOOKING BOY, MAYBE A LITTLE CHUBBY)

JOEY: Gotta watch TV mama! There's a game on! (ENTERS "A" FROM UP RIGHT THROUGH LIVING ROOM AND OUT "C" TO DOWN LEFT)

SARAH: Joey!

JOEY: The ball game, mama! (OVER SHOULDER AND EXITS DOWN LEFT. SARAH MOVES OVER TO CALL TO HIM)

SARAH: (CROSS BELOW #4) Joey! Come down here. Oh, that boy. (CROSS RIGHT)

HARRY: (CHUCKLING AT SOMETHING IN THE LETTER) You should read this part again, Sarah--about the dance...

SARAH: (LOOKING OFFSTAGE) I dunno, Harry--he's been like this all day... (SHE DRAWS HER BREATH QUICKLY, A HALF-SOB)

HARRY: (WITHOUT LOOKING) Well... he's probably keyed up. (PLEASED AT SOMETHING ELSE IN THE LETTER) By God, Bert's... I dunno--he's really getting along great in college. Doin' everything I wanted to do. Yeah! Glad I was able to send him. Huh?

SARAH: What?

HARRY: Bert! You should read this letter again, Sarah. First time this year he hasn't asked for money!

SARAH: (CROSSING TO HIM) Joey hasn't really been himself.

HARRY: Well... I guess he feels something. (GOES BACK TO READING LETTER)

SARAH: Been running around all day wearing that stupid baseball hat... with his sport jacket on!!! Had to take him out like that... shopping.

HARRY: Well... he's--(SHRUGS)... first time there's been anything in the line of clothes he really wanted. Sure pestered us long enough.

SARAH: Sport jacket. You know he wouldn't take it off for anything today. I think he even wants to wear it to bed!

HARRY: (QUIET TOUCH OF BITTERNESS) Yeah. Well... tomorrow's his "big day," isn't it? First job. First day with... normal people. He... must feel something.

SARAH: I don't know. Big step isn't it? (CROSSES FRONT OF HARRY AND SITS #6)

HARRY: More like a shove.

SARAH: Well... not every child is able to go to college, Harry.

HARRY: Not every child is mentally retarded, Sarah.

SARAH: Harry, you don't have to tell me.

HARRY: Okay, I know. (RISES AND CROSSES TO SARAH) Believe me... I know... (SHAKES HIS HEAD IN AMAZEMENT) That somebody has enough faith to hire him. But to send him out into the world to make his way among normal people... he's so... well, to hell with it! (CROSS TO #1. PICKS UP

NEWSPAPER AND SITS) Let's not... I mean it's something to be proud of, I guess... you keep telling me that. (SHRUGS)

SARAH: (VERY QUIET) I can't let him go tomorrow, Harry.

HARRY: Oh?

SARAH: I'm not sure it's right.

HARRY: (RESENTING CONVERSATION--WANTS TO READ PAPER) He's trained, Sarah. He can do a job. One specific job. The Workshop trained him! You told me he's ready!

SARAH: He's such a child, Harry. Really a baby still...

HARRY: He's gonna be twenty-one in July!

SARAH: This afternoon... I helped him dress to go over to play with little Sandy.

HARRY: Why? He always dresses himself.

SARAH: I got him to the door. On the porch... he stood--giggling--under that damned hat... with the jacket on. Suddenly--I was scared to death of the people he might meet tomorrow. When they talk to him--hear his answers--find out he thinks like a nine-year old. Doesn't think! Just is nine years old. What will they do? Laugh? Tease him? Take advantage? I grabbed him. Held on. Put my arms around my little boy and I squeezed. And I squeezed. Oh my God, Harry--I wished I had the strength to --

HARRY: (RISE, AND CROSS TO SARAH) Sarah! Stop it! You've had fifteen years to torment yourself. Anyway, I thought this was one decision you had licked. It was made.

SARAH: I want to unmake it. I don't want to let him go to the job tomorrow. I can't.

HARRY: Sarah... I don't... look, have you told this to Paul Rodman?

SARAH: I called him. Tried to tell him over the phone. But I... couldn't...

HARRY: What're you going to do tomorrow? Just have the kid not show up?

SARAH: Harry...

HARRY: I'm sorry, honey, but you keep telling me how great this guy Rodman is... knocked himself out for Joey ... to get him trained, get him a job.

SARAH: (SHRUGS) He's a rehabilitation counselor.

HARRY: Yeah... I guess Rodman's been through this before... had to struggle with every other decision you've made. Wait till he finds out in the morning. (CROSSING BACK TO #1, PICKING UP PAPER)

SARAH: I... asked him to drop over tonight. Now.

HARRY: (AFTER A SHORT LOOK, DROPS PAPER ON #1) Well... I got to pick up some stuff at the hardware store. (CROSSING UP TO "A")

SARAH: You can't Harry. You can't always be going out. (CROSS UP TO HIM)

HARRY: (SWINGS AROUND SUDDENLY) We've been through this--over and over. I work hard all day. I'm not a big wheel you know, but I <u>am</u> the head bookkeeper and people keep charging at me all day long with their private little headaches. (CROSSING DOWN LEFT) I shouldn't have to keep coming home and walking into more crises all the rest of my life!! It isn't fair. I want to come home to some peace and quiet. We've talked this out. (CROSS UP TO SARAH AGAIN) All along the way... talked... argued. You wanted Joey to go to doctor after doctor; you wanted Joey to get a job. Okay, honey -- I go along! But

don't keep tossin' curves at me.

SARAH: I've had Joey on my back for 15 years, Harry. You're just as much responsible for the way he "came out" as I am.
(THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER FACE TO FACE. THEN, ABRUPTLY HARRY TURNS AND STARTS OUT. AT THAT MOMENT DOORBELL RINGS OFFSTAGE)

HARRY: Saved... by the lousy bell! (CROSSING DOWN RIGHT TO #1)
(SARAH GOES OFF TO ANSWER THE DOORBELL. AFTER A MOMENT, SHE RE-ENTERS FOLLOWED BY PAUL RODMAN. A POSITIVE-LOOKING MAN IN HIS LATE THIRTIES; EARLY FORTIES. SARAH CROSSES DOWN LEFT. RODMAN CROSSES DOWN CENTER)

RODMAN: Very pretty street you have here... trees and all.

SARAH: Yes. You know my husband.

RODMAN: (CROSS TO HARRY, OFFERS HAND) Mr. Jordon. A pleasure. Don't get to see you too often.

HARRY: (RELUCTANTLY SHAKES HAND) Yeah.
(THEY STAND FOR A MOMENT, LOOKING AT EACH OTHER. RODMAN GRINS AT THEM)

SARAH: (FINALLY) Won't you sit down, Mr. Rodman.
(CROSS AND SIT #5)

RODMAN: Thank you. (CROSS AND SIT #3)
(RODMAN POLITELY WAITS FOR ONE OF THEM TO SPEAK. THEY DON'T)
Where's Joe? Out visiting?

SARAH: No. He's upstairs.

HARRY: Watching television.

RODMAN: Yeah. So're my kids. (PAUSE) I stopped over at

the Workshop today, Joe wasn't there. How is he?

SARAH: Oh... he... this morning, he said his throat was sore. I thought he should stay home.

RODMAN: Probably right. Don't want to take any chances--for tomorrow.

SARAH: Well, you know how easily he catches cold... and ... his grandmother's been wanting him to come and visit for a few days... he's so fond of her.

RODMAN: But Joe starts work tomorrow.

SARAH: Well, I thought a few days rest...

RODMAN: Yeah--I suppose we could get a postponement. Jim Swanson's a pretty reasonable human being... I'll call him. Want Joe to start next week?

SARAH: (SHE LOOKS TO HARRY FOR HELP) Well... I...

HARRY: She doesn't want him to start, Mr. Rodman.

RODMAN: What?

HARRY: My wife's changed her mind. She doesn't want Joey to start work. Not yet. Maybe... (SHRUGS) next year.

SARAH: (GRASPING AT A STRAW) Another year will make him more able to cope.

RODMAN: Ten years, twenty--thirty years won't make him any more able or ready than he is right now.

SARAH: On Tuesday... Joey got lost... trying to find the Swanson plant.

RODMAN: He got a little mixed up... this happens to all of us ... new place, new neighborhood. At least we taught him to ask a policeman and he did! He copes. He can cope.

HARRY: If he's taught.

RODMAN: Yes. But he <u>can</u> be taught. To dress. To travel. To work. To cope on his own individual level. I mean, Joe <u>is</u> an individual. He <u>is</u> a person... and we know now he can function and perform in the everyday world. Well... we've... (RISES) Mrs. Jordon, we've been over and over this for the past year. Joe can learn... certain things he can and does learn. And remembers. And uses. (CROSS TO HARRY) Mr. Jordon, if you could've been there. Last week, I took him over to the Swanson plant... with your wife's permission... (CROSS TO CENTER OF LIVING ROOM) we went on the bus so he could begin to learn his way if it worked out. We <u>changed</u> buses... he likes to travel. It was lunch hour... we agreed this was the best way to try him out. So... well... the plant... it's not too big, but it looked big when Joe and I walked in there with Swanson. It was like being in a big stadium... only instead of people, the machines were sitting there watching. Well, we got in there and Joe stepped right up to the little machine, flipped on the button and began to produce. In his own methodical way... the way he learned. I tell you he's a sensation on that simple little machine. The way Swanson's eyes lit up... (STEP TO HARRY) You would've been proud of your son, Mr. Jordon.

HARRY: Proud?

RODMAN: He's got a good pair of hands.

HARRY: But that isn't enough.

RODMAN: Why isn't it? Look, Swanson's doing this because he's a business man. Joe's the first mentally retarded person he's hired and we're not asking him to do this out of the goodness of his heart. He's in business and he's got to get a return for his money. You know that, Mr. Jordon. And he sees the value in Joe. In a job that a lot of people find monotonous --Joe is happy. It's <u>not</u> monotonous to him. He'll

work hard and produce. Swanson knows that.

HARRY: (RISE AND CROSSING TO RODMAN) What're you doing? Making a guinea pig out of Joey?

RODMAN: No. No, I prefer to think we're all working to make a human being out of him. (CROSSING DOWN LEFT) But... sure, maybe you're right. Maybe this <u>is</u> more than just Joe. (CROSSING BACK TO HARRY) You're not an island in this thing. To the outside world, to the employers, he represents all retarded people.

HARRY: Look, Sarah... I... (CROSSING TO SARAH... SHE LOOKS HELPLESS... HE TURNS TO RODMAN) Look, Mr. Rodman... maybe my wife's right. Why should we set him up as a target!

RODMAN: I didn't mean it that way: Out of the five million mentally retarded people in this country, Joe's one of the four million or so who <u>can be trained for work</u>! It's been a long, slow struggle--but employers <u>have</u> responded to the fact that these people <u>can</u> perform certain levels of low-key jobs with greater dependability, with less emotional upheaval, less desire to improve status than most people. (CROSSING DOWN RIGHT) The thing is, we're finally throwing off the kind of blanket of fear we've hidden under for thousands of years. We're no longer locking these people in empty rooms till they wither away from age, (CROSSING UP BELOW #2) no longer putting them away in overcrowded institutions. Parents are even beginning to stop "institutionalizing" these people at home.

SARAH: Yes... instead you teach them to eat in restaurants. To walk around the streets. To learn about money. To travel. To want to buy their own clothes. You teach the girls to put on make-up; go on dates... to work. You teach them all these wonderful things, so you keep forcing us, the parents, into unhappy decisions... that... can break our hearts.

RODMAN: You have decisions to make about your normal children too.

HARRY: It's not the same!

RODMAN: (CROSS IN A STEP, THEN CROSSING DOWN RIGHT) Why not? Oh, look ... I, well, never in a million years could I ever really know what you go through inside. Sure, we talk and talk... but... I just couldn't know. Really. (TURNS TO HARRY AND SARAH, A STEP IN) You've had terrible decisions to make but you <u>have</u> made them... together. You haven't been "retarded" parents.

SARAH: (PLAINTIVELY) What do you want from us?

RODMAN: (PAUSE, CROSS TO #2, SITS, THEN SPEAKS) Only ... to ask that you don't fall backwards. In the past few years we've begun to build a little foundation ... to reach some small level of acceptance and humanity in this area. We've blown away a few cliches. People aren't frightened anymore to shake hands with a mentally retarded person--they know it's not catching. If you fall backwards, it'll be like a snowball rolling down hill. Too many people below you will get caught up, be frightened back into hiding ... get hurt.

HARRY: You keep throwing it on our shoulders.

RODMAN: I don't mean it that way... it's on all our shoulders.

HARRY: (TO RODMAN. CROSSING IN TO RODMAN'S LEFT) Look... maybe <u>we</u> can accept all this. (CROSSING BELOW RODMAN TO #1) Maybe we know kids like Joey aren't crazy or even sick... sometimes just a part of their brain shut off--but, if we let him go out into the world like this--how're his fellow workers going to accept him? (CROSSING TO RODMAN'S RIGHT)

RODMAN: I can't answer for them.

SARAH: (CROSSING TO RODMAN'S LEFT) And if he does this... someday he's going to want to move out of the house! Because you make him want to do this; because you tell him to do this!

RODMAN: No. He sees... he hears... he knows it's "grown up" to have a job; to move away from home. After all, these are standards our society screams about. And he can do it. There are places he can go.

SARAH: Will people accept this? A boy like Joey walking around the streets? Will they let him live among them?

RODMAN: Yes. (RISING) If they're given a chance to see what a nice guy he is; that all he needs is a little help to get started. (CROSSING DOWN LEFT) Anyway, what'll they see? Joey looks like a nice, normal kid. He isn't physically handicapped too. You're lucky, Mrs. Jordon... you told me that. (TURN AND CROSSING BACK TO SARAH)

SARAH: But people find out sooner or later--you told me that. And then what?

RODMAN: I don't know.

SARAH: Well, I don't know either! (SIT #2) I don't know if he's really equipped to handle this job! I don't know if Joey is really grown-up enough! I don't know if he really is adult... in any sense of the word. Is he?

RODMAN: To the farthest extent of his limitations. Yes. We have to think of him as an adult.

SARAH: (LOOKS AT HARRY--HE, HARRY, TURNS AWAY AND SITS #1 - THEN...) All right. You want him to really show up tomorrow? You want him to take the job?

RODMAN: Yes... I want him to. But that's not my decision. He can do the job. I know it. The employer is

willing and eager to have him come to work. But... it's really up to you!!! I would appreciate you calling and telling me later tonight. I'll be home. You have the number. (CROSSING UP TOWARDS "A". SARAH NODS NUMBLY. RODMAN STARTS OUT)

HARRY: (CROSS ABOVE #2 TOWARD RODMAN) Look, Mr. Rodman, maybe we should put it up to Joey? Why leave him out of this?

RODMAN: Because he can't make this kind of judgment alone. He needs guidance. But I do think you should tell him what you decide. He's entitled to know that. (RODMAN EXITS. LEFT IF THERE IS CROSS OVER, RIGHT IF THERE ISN'T A CROSS OVER) (HARRY IS ANGRY AT BEING FORCED TO STAY AND BECOME INVOLVED. SARAH IS ON THE VERGE OF TEARS. SHE SIGHS HEAVILY)

HARRY: (CROSSING DOWN LEFT IN SILENCE) Now it's too late to go to the hardware store.

SARAH: Oh my God, Harry... What're we going to do?

HARRY: Maybe you're right. Maybe Joey shouldn't go out into the world where everybody can see!

SARAH: Where everybody will know--isn't that what you mean?

HARRY: I don't know what I mean. (CROSS BELOW SARAH TO #1, PICKING UP PAPER)

SARAH: You never have--not about Joey.

HARRY: (TURNS TO HER SHARPLY) What's that suppose to mean?

SARAH: You've worked in the same office for twelve years. How many people there know you have a mentally retarded son?

HARRY: (EVASIVE AND BELLIGERENT, SITS #1) We've managed to keep our marriage going, haven't we!

SARAH: Harry...

HARRY: I mean... in this country... people get divorced because they suddenly discover they don't like the same television show! At least we've had guts enough to stick!

SARAH: From decision to decision to decision. And now (BIG SIGH) I don't know anymore... I just don't know. It's always been like this ever since we found out.
(THE STAGE MANAGER HAS APPEARED IN THE FLASHBACK AREA. HE IS THE DOCTOR, A WARM, AMIABLE MAN. STANDS IN BACK OF #7 LOOKING FRONT)

THE DOCTOR: Well... a baby is a baby, Mrs. Jordon. He's sound as a dollar. Just... some develop faster than others. That's the way we're treating them now... let 'em walk or talk at their own speed. Bring him in to see me again in six months.

HARRY: Yeah, I remember it began so simply.

SARAH: (REMEMBERING) So simply. A slow developer. Isn't that the phrase they used, Harry... in all those books I read? Bert talked before Joey did... almost three years younger... and he talked and walked... and did everything before his big brother did.

HARRY: We didn't know anything then, Sarah.

SARAH: (RISES AND CROSSING DOWN LEFT) No. But we found out! Oh, my God... how we found out!

THE DOCTOR: (LOOKING FRONT) Mrs. Jordon... your boy... Joey's... well, he's what we call a slow-learner. Give him a little time. He's only five. Maybe he'll catch up.

HARRY: (TO HIMSELF) Catch up? He never really got started.

SARAH: (TURNS, WALKS INTO FLASHBACK AREA. DOCTOR TURNS TO HER) Doctor Rawlins... what's the matter with my boy? He's fallen behind in school. He can't seem to catch on.

THE DOCTOR: Well, Mrs. Jordon... the clinic reports show some brain damage.

SARAH: What --!

THE DOCTOR: Could be a prenatal thing; congenital... well, a hundred things. Nobody really knows. Oh, I could quote you statistics... but nobody really knows what happens. It's nobody's fault, Mrs. Jordon. It's nobody's fault.

SARAH: Why weren't we lucky enough to have him fall down, or get hit in the head... or be violently ill... so we would at least know.

THE DOCTOR: Sorry, Mrs. Jordon... I wish I could help some more.
(SARAH MOVES BACK TO HER FORMER POSITION IN THE ROOM. DOCTOR EXITS LEFT)

HARRY: ... Help some more.

SARAH: Remember, Harry... Joey seemed slow, but normal enough until he was six years old.

HARRY: I remember! There was nothing like that in my family.

SARAH: Nor mine, Harry.

HARRY: Then what did we do to deserve it? Why?

SARAH: (CROSSING TO HARRY AND SIT #2) If you'd ever come with me... talk to a doctor...

HARRY: Oh... I talked to one of your doctors... that what's his name... that specialist you went to about five years ago.

SARAH: Morgan. He was one of the best in the country, Harry.

HARRY: And the most expensive. What're you knocking yourselves out for -- he told me -- got enough trouble trying to keep normal kids whole! Put him in an institution.

SARAH: All doctors aren't that way. He was tired and disturbed about Joey. After all a doctor is human too.

HARRY: Sure... like most of us. Where there's no cure, push away from the problem. Because if you're not faced with the problem -- you're not faced with failure! But we are. It walks. It talks. It lives. (RISING AND CROSSING LEFT)

SARAH: Someday...

HARRY: (TURNS AND CROSSING UP CENTER ON SARAH'S LEFT) Someday -- what? Look at the clinics you've been to: experts -- who pool knowledge; equipment... in one place they get together so they can fight over what Joey is... so they don't just look out of their own specialized windows... and what do they come up with? That Joey's retarded!

SARAH: Yes, but...! (STANDS FACING HARRY)

HARRY: (TAKING HER SHOULDERS) Sarah... how long can you go on dragging Joey from doctor's office to doctor's office... hoping to trip over a miracle?

SARAH: You want me to hide him upstairs again? We did once.

HARRY: (DROPS HER SHOULDERS AND CROSSING LEFT) I don't know.

SARAH: We put him upstairs when friends came to visit. We put him upstairs whenever Bert brought his friends home to play.

HARRY: You sent him out to school! (TURNS TO HER)

SARAH: (CROSSING TO HARRY) Because we didn't have to admit he was retarded. 'Cause his little brother Bert could take him by the hand and walk him to school. (CROSSING BELOW HARRY TO #6) A "slow learner" we almost used to brag about it, remember? Our son was just a slow learner in a special class. It's a good phrase to hide behind.

(SUDDENLY JOEY APPEARS IN THE FLASHBACK AREA)
(NOTE: JOEY LOOKS LIKE A NORMAL, HUSKY, TEENAGE BOY. MAYBE HE STARES A LITTLE TOO MUCH IN HIS EFFORT TO THINK OF WHAT TO SAY... AND MAYBE HIS SPEECH IS JUST A LITTLE HALTING WHEN HE TALKS. HIS "THE..S" BECOME "DE..S" THE WAY AN EIGHT OR NINE-YEAR OLD IS CLUMSY WITH SPEECH)

JOEY: Mom, can I go over to Sandy's to play? (CENTER OF FLASHBACK AREA)

HARRY: Yeah, you managed to hide behind that phrase for 17 years. (CROSSING TO #1 AND SIT)

SARAH: I know -- I know.

JOEY: (REPEATING) Mom, can I go over to Sandy's to play?

SARAH: No, Joey... Sandy's not home from school yet. (CROSS THROUGH "B" TO JOEY)

JOEY: Oh! Well, can we go to a movie today -- Sandy told me about a Walt Disney movie that was really great! Can we go today, Mama?

SARAH: (PANTOMIMES WASHING DISHES OVER CHAIRS 5 AND 6) No, dear. We have to stay home. Mama has a lot of housework to do.

JOEY: Oh gosh! Sandy says it's a swell movie!

SARAH: (WITH STRAINED PATIENCE) I took you to a movie yesterday, Joey.

JOEY: Okay. (WANDERS UP LEFT THEN DOWN TO BACK OF #7) Can I run the vacuum cleaner for you today? Please, mama...

SARAH: (TRYING NOT TO MELT AT HIS SWEETNESS) Look, dear... I love to have you help. But I'm in a hurry today, Joey. Just go read your comic books!

JOEY: I read 'em all!

SARAH: Well... go watch television... when I finish we'll go shopping and get you some more.

JOEY: (KNEELING ON CHAIR #7 WITH ONE KNEE) Can we stop by the hardware store and look at those saws?

SARAH: We'll see, dear.

JOEY: (PAUSE, LOOKS AROUND) Can't I wash the windows for you, Mom?

SARAH: (HER IMPATIENCE BEGINNING TO MELT. DRIES HANDS ON APRON, CROSS TO JOEY, TAKES HIS HEAD IN HAND) Oh, Joey...(QUIETLY)--just go upstairs dear... and watch television. Okay?

JOEY: Okay. (HE STARTS OUT... THEN STOPS AND SMILES) If you need me just holler.
(JOEY EXITS LEFT. SARAH STANDS FOR A SECOND FIGHTING BACK THE TEARS. THEN SHE MOVES AWAY FROM THE FLASHBACK AREA, BACK INTO A SCENE WITH HARRY)

HARRY: (AS SARAH CROSSES IN) So--everybody has kids around the house.

SARAH: (CROSS TO HARRY) A nineteen-year old kid? Sure, you went off to the office every day, and I stayed locked up with him for two years!

HARRY: You wanted it that way, Sarah.

SARAH: I was scared to death of putting him in an institution, Harry. I didn't want my baby locked up in an institution!
(RODMAN HAS COME INTO THE FLASHBACK AREA)

RODMAN: What brought you to the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation, Mrs. Jordon?

SARAH: I had to do something, I had to do something.
(CROSSES TO CHAIR #3 TAKING OFF APRON, LAYS IT ON CHAIR AND PICKS UP PURSE AND CROSS IN FLASHBACK AREA AS HARRY SAYS:)

HARRY: Yeah, out of sheer desperation you jumped right out of the frying pan into the fire.

SARAH: At the church... Mr. Averback... told me about you.

RODMAN: (CROSSING DOWN TO STAND BEHIND #7) I see. Won't you sit down? (INDICATES CHAIR #6)

SARAH: (CROSSING TO #6 AND SITS) I just... don't know what to do anymore. Everywhere I turn... there's ... Joey. I'm in his way; he's in mine... driving us both crazy. I mean... I've kept him home with me ever since he graduated from school...

RODMAN: Graduated?

SARAH: Got his certificate... (SHRUGS) for sitting in a school seat 'till he was seventeen.

RODMAN: They do a good job, Mrs. Jordon. Schools are overcrowded; their facilities are limited--but they have good people who tune him up as much as possible. New parents of retarded children are going to have it better, believe me, when schools begin to train and educate those children to be as productive as they can be.

SARAH: Oh... they did teach him to read. He was in the third grade for eight years... 'till he graduated.

RODMAN: I see.

SARAH: Can you help us? Can you really train him? To <u>do</u> something?

RODMAN: Well... we'll have to test him. (CROSSING BELOW #7)

SARAH: He's got an I. Q. of 66.

RODMAN: (SIT #7) Well, we look at other areas too now. I mean... there's a theory now that I. Q. 's sometime change. Well, lot of influences... a child comes in... has problems... tests low... and is labeled with that I. Q. the rest of his life... based on the day he was tested. Besides, we're beginning to look beyond the number, you know. Personality, environment... so on. We have to use his strengths.

SARAH: Strengths?

RODMAN: Maybe your son's not retarded with a capital R, Mrs. Jordon. Not retarded in every area. Just in one area. Maybe we shouldn't even use the word retarded, who knows? Brain's a funny, individual thing. A great philosopher can be very disorganized. A writer--isn't necessarily an engineer... people use that part of

their brain they can use best. At the Sheltered Workshop, we have some people who can't read, but who are whizzes at making things--like a birdhouse, for instance. One girl, Lucy, can't comb her hair by herself, but she's memorized the whole Bible, and she can recite it for you... starting any place. It's a trick! But we have to concentrate on what they can do! Locate the spark and fan it till it glows... or just glimmers.

SARAH: (UNBELIEVING) Joey... has... no strengths.

RODMAN: (STANDS) Will you let us find out? (SHE NODS SLOWLY. HE CROSSES TO SARAH) Now, you can bring him to the workshop the first couple of times. After that he'll have to come by himself.

SARAH: (INCREDULOUS) How?

RODMAN: (CROSSING OUT TO BEHIND #7) Public transportation... like everybody.

SARAH: (RISING, CROSS TO RODMAN) We live on the other side of town. No... he's never traveled by himself! He can't!

RODMAN: Maybe he hasn't been allowed to.

SARAH: Well... he's... never had any place to go.

RODMAN: We'll teach him how to travel. Believe me, he'll learn. Most do. And they love it. (GENTLY. GUIDING HER TO "DOOR" BELOW #6) You have to loosen the leash a little, Mrs. Jordon. Give Joe a chance to grow up within the framework of his own ability. Maybe he can do it!
(SARAH CROSSES TO CHAIR #5, PUTS PURSE DOWN--RODMAN EXITS LEFT. HARRY MOVES-WITHIN THE LIVING ROOM--ABRUPTLY BREAKS THE MOOD OF THE FLASHBACK)

HARRY: (CROSSING TO SARAH) Yeah... I remember that all right! You changed your mind five times before you let him go to the workshop alone!
(SARAH TURNS AWAY FROM THE FLASHBACK AREA)

SARAH: But he went.

HARRY: Yeah... and made you a little freer, didn't it?

SARAH: Yes. It gave me some time for myself.

HARRY: But every night for two weeks... you were frantic... waiting for him.

SARAH: I was frightened. I have a right to always be frightened for my child.
(JOEY HAS APPEARED IN THE FLASHBACK AREA. HE'S EXCITED. HAPPY. HOLDS SOMETHING IN HIS HAND)

JOEY: Hi, Mom--I'm home.

HARRY: But you never stopped being frightened.

JOEY: Mom!

SARAH: But so many new things were happening, Harry. Don't you remember...

JOEY: Hi, Mom!

SARAH: (CROSSING TO JOEY, GRABS SHOULDERS. HARRY CROSSES TO ABOVE #5)
Where were you, Joey? You should've been home an hour ago!

JOEY: I'm sorry, Mom. But...

SARAH: Second time this week! Did you get lost again?

JOEY: Not exactly! (CROSS DOWN TO ABOVE CHAIR #7)
About three of us went to get a coke after work. Alice treated. She's a swell girl. I like her a lot...

SARAH: (CROSSING TO JOEY, TAKES HIM BY SHOULDERS)
Don't you do that again, you hear? Or I won't let you go back. We'll take the workshop away from you, Joey!

JOEY: Okay, Mom. Okay. (HE SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO A BIG GRIN AND HOLDS UP A CHECK) Look, (CROSSES TO HARRY)... what they gave me!

SARAH: What?

HARRY: It's a check.

JOEY: For nine dollars and twenty-seven cents! It's mine, Mom! They said it's mine!
(SARAH IS PUZZLED)

HARRY: For what?

JOEY: (PLAYS BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN SARAH AND HARRY) For workin', Dad! We... well, some of us... are doin'... you know... puttin' those little plastic trucks... like in the ten cent store... those little blue and yellow plastic trucks... well, we put 'em together for the company... and this is my first time... my first pay... uh... salary! That's what Pete said. It's great huh, Mom? It's like... uh... wild, huh? Salary! A salary! (TO SARAH)

HARRY: (TURNS TO SARAH) What kind of work?

SARAH: (CROSSES TO HARRY. JOEY CROSSES TO ABOVE #7) The workshop has a few contracts with businesses around town. Do piece work, Mr. Rodman said. They start Joey out this way.

HARRY: Oh?

JOEY: Can I go over to the hardware store and buy one of those little band saws? I'm dyin' to have a saw like that!

SARAH: We'll see.

JOEY: Charlie told me you can spend it... Charlie told me the salary's like money!

SARAH: (CROSSING TO JOEY) We'll put it in the bank, Joey.

JOEY: But it's <u>mine</u>... it don't belong to the bank!

SARAH: (VERY DELIBERATE AND SLOW) A bank is where you keep your money. They take care of it for you.

JOEY: Oh. Is this enough money to buy that saw?

SARAH: Go wash your hands, Joey. We're going to eat supper right away.

JOEY: Okay! Boy... isn't it the greatest? A salary!
(HE MOVES OUT OF THE FLASHBACK AREA... EXITS)

HARRY: (CROSSING RIGHT) Maybe he just should have kept on putting plastic toys together.
(SARAH CROSSES TO LEFT OF HARRY)

SARAH: I don't know.

HARRY: Well, I don't know! Sarah... I... honey... you run hot and cold. It's rough... it's been rough... I've always felt... well, I wanted what you wanted with the kid. You were happy with what they did for him at the workshop. He talked better; he dressed better... you let him alone to function a little by himself. You came home excited the day Rodman told you they thought Joey was capable of learning a job! When they put him on a machine! When they told you Joey was employable! They had a job for him! You felt good! You looked--twenty-three again!

SARAH: But I ached inside, Harry. I was worried. I was scared! A job! In the sheltered workshop it's one thing. But outside... is it right to (SITS #6) push him so far? Is it right?
(RODMAN HAS APPEARED AGAIN IN THE FLASH-BACK AREA)

RODMAN: (STANDING BEHIND #7. HARRY SITS #3) Right To try to raise a human being to the highest level of independence possible for him... or her? I tell you these kids come here... kids! (SHAKES HIS HEAD, BEMUSED) Even I get caught in that ancient trap. These are not children! These are all adults we deal with... but all over the country, they grow to a point where they can work: assembler, box filler, inspector of items going off an assembly line... porters... dishwashers... waitresses... Carpenters' helpers... even mechanics' helpers... and the level of performance is rising. Every day... hundreds go out... and make good. Employers call us and sing about them! And this happens now with the crudest kind of workshop facilities. You've seen them! You know. You're so lucky, Mrs. Jordon.

SARAH: Lucky?

RODMAN: (TAKES CHAIR #7, MOVES IT NEXT TO MRS. JORDON'S #6) Oh, Mrs. Jordon... some of them come to us so hopeless. 25, 30, 40 years old... their eyes dull... unable to talk... or read... because they've been hidden away all their lives... and (SITS #7) well, you've seen it; you can help them to do things. In a year or two--it's startling! Sometimes, it's like holding a dead thing in your hands. Suddenly it begins to stir... begins to shiver and breathe and blossom out a little... it happens!

SARAH: (SO QUIET--ALMOST A CALL FOR HELP) I know.

RODMAN: Do you realize there was no place to go with your retarded son or daughter--no special workshop facilities in this community until the late 1950's? (RISES, CROSS DOWN LEFT) Oh sure, sure--some of them come to the workshop and don't make it. We can't send them back home to vegetate... so we're beginning to try to create places in-between; find ways to help them in social day care centers... so they don't have to go home and die in the attic!

SARAH: (A SOUND--A SHARP CRY) Oh!

RODMAN: (CROSSING TO ABOVE #7) Oh, I wish I knew... really had the facility to say to people: help! To say to parents: have courage; don't be ashamed... bring your retarded son or daughter out--where we can see him! We're not afraid of him anymore. So what if he can't read or write... is he any less good? He can be taught to work! To be useful! (CROSS DOWN LEFT) My God,.. everyday employers hire people who are technically retarded, but they're just not labeled! Well... sure... (CROSS TO #7) Mrs. Jordon... maybe you have the right to be scared for Joe... to put it off 'till tomorrow. But, we can't keep putting things off like that. Humanity's growing old--it's already time for tomorrow. But... it's such a personal decision. Such a personal thing.

(SLOWLY CROSS LEFT AND OFF STAGE)
(PAUSE)

HARRY: (CROSSING TO SARAH) Sarah, stop remembering. It does no good to keep picking through the past.
(AT THAT MOMENT--JOEY BURSTS ON STAGE, WEARING HIS BASEBALL HAT AND HIS SPORTS JACKET--AGAIN POUNDING HIS MITT. SO WE'RE STARTLED! HE RUSHES RIGHT BY AND OFF THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE. REVERSE HIS FIRST ENTRANCE PATH. HE SHOULD EXIT UP RIGHT)

SARAH: See where he's running!

HARRY: He's all right. Leave him alone.

SARAH: Please, Harry. Go and look.
(HARRY GIVES HIS WIFE'S SHOULDER A SMALL, AFFECTIONATE SQUEEZE... THEN MOVES UP TO LOOK OUT)

HARRY: I don't see him.

SARAH: Oh?

HARRY: (SHIFTS POSITION... LOOKS HARDER) Oh... he's ... (SNORTS)... crazy kid... way over in the corner of the porch... sawing ... building something...

SARAH: (POIGNANTLY, WARMLY) Shoe-shine box... for you. They taught him at the workshop.

HARRY: (TO HIMSELF... TOSSES IT AWAY) Good pair of hands. Well, what are you... (HE TURNS BACK TO SARAH) What're we going to tell Joey?

SARAH: (SHAKING HER HEAD) I don't know.

HARRY: (LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER OFFSTAGE AT JOEY) Maybe it's time to let <u>go</u> of the leash... altogether.

SARAH: I really don't know.

HARRY: (TURNING BACK TO HIS WIFE) Maybe Rodman's right.
(SHE SHAKES HER HEAD IN AN INTIMATE, PUZZLED WAY... THEN SHE LOOKS UP, BITES HER LIP. AND IN A VERY SMALL, HELPLESS VOICE SHE CALLS TO HER HUSBAND FOR HELP, RISING)

SARAH: Harry?
(HE HESITATES ONLY FOR A SPLIT SECOND. THEN HE MOVES TOWARD HER IN A SLOW, POSITIVE WAY AS THE LIGHTS BEGIN TO DIM)

HARRY: Sarah, maybe it <u>is</u> time for tomorrow!
(HE HAS REACHED HER--HIS ARMS GO AROUND HER. THEY EXIT)
(PAUSE)

STAGE MANAGER: (ENTERS) These are Not Children is a production of Plays for Living a Division of the Family Service Association of America. It was written by Jerome Alden, sponsored by the Vocational Rehabilitation Administration of the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Tonight's performance was directed by _____. And now I'd like you to meet the members of our cast.
(INTRODUCES EACH CAST MEMBER BY NAME OF LOCAL ACTOR PLAYING PART. AS THE NAMES ARE CALLED, THE ACTORS ENTER AND TAKE THEIR PLACES. THEY ALL BOW TOGETHER AND EXIT, FOLLOWED BY STAGE MANAGER)

GUIDE FOR DISCUSSION LEADERS

by
Adaline Johnesse
Rehabilitation Adviser-Consultant on Mental Illness

Vocational Rehabilitation Administration
Washington 25, D. C.

Any dramatic production provokes discussion among those who have shared it. It provides an opportunity to explore further the true meaning of the situation or situations presented. The significance of certain incidents may have escaped some of the audience. When these are pointed up, however, they serve to clarify and bring into proper focus the message which the play intends. In any event the mingling of reactions about a problem deepens the impact of the experience and stimulates interest in positive action.

Most of us have opinions about problem areas even if we know little about the subject. Often these opinions are personal biases resulting from an isolated experience or from listening to other people's prejudices. For example, we hear comments such as alcoholics and drug addicts should be put in prison. The law is too soft with juvenile delinquents. Until a few years ago the prevailing reaction to mental retardation was--there's nothing you can do about it---and---they should be put in an institution.

Many families attempting to follow this advice found the State institutions over-crowded with long waiting lists. Many who visited State institutions came away heartsick over the conditions they found and determined to keep their child in the home. However, few schools provided special classes. Like Joey most of the children, if they were permitted to remain in school, sat out the years in one of the lower grades. They grew up to be lonely aimless people, a burden on families and society.

Slowly but surely the climate surrounding mental retardation has changed for the better. The National Association for Retarded Children and its local affiliates has been largely responsible for focusing public attention on the extent and seriousness of the problem. Within the past few years we have seen a sudden upswing in research efforts directed toward identifying the causes of retardation and the possibility of prevention.

Several studies over the past few years have revealed that despite improved and improving public school programs for the retarded, 25 to 40 percent of the educable groups coming out of those classes either could not be placed on jobs, or hold them if they were placed. Moreover, a significant number of the trainable group received no vocational training or job opportunities whatsoever. Traditionally, the mentally retarded individual has been the target of ridicule and prejudice which has restricted all phases of his development. Inadequate education and poor personal relationships have pushed him steadily down the scale of intellectual functioning.

The services provided through the State vocational rehabilitation agencies are for the purpose of preparing the individual to function in employment to the maximum of his ability and there is a wide variety of essential tasks which the retarded can perform effectively.

Usually the retarded person referred to the rehabilitation agency has had no employment experience or a series of unsuccessful attempts on a job. His lack of skills and confidence further jeopardizes his opportunities in the labor market. These are some of the problems confronting the rehabilitation counselor - problems of community attitudes as well as those of the client himself.

THE PLAY

In this day of greatly increased opportunities for the mentally retarded of an employable age the problem is nevertheless far from minimized. For those not intimately involved it is easy to overlook the feelings and attitudes of parents and the way in which they may influence the retardate's capacity to adjust to the outside world.

Through the characterization of Joey in this play we are shown that the retarded can be helped to lead useful and productive lives and to gain the same feelings of status and pride as those who are superior to them intellectually.

For Joey the confines of his existence had given way to broad new vistas; he did indeed "feel something." For his mother it brought to a climax the fear and guilt that had shadowed her

existence over the years. Here now was cruel unveiled exposure and her suffering suddenly became even more acute.

The flashbacks recall for us the years of unrelenting anguish, uncertainty and frustration which bound Sarah in her private prison. These are the problems that accompany mental retardation. It is these emotional barriers that can block so effectively efforts to help the retarded achieve his fullest potential.

Parents need help and need it early in the tremendous responsibility of rearing a mentally retarded child in a healthy goal-centered atmosphere.

Sarah found relief only when she had reached the end of her rope, then the feelings which had become so deeply rooted over the years made it almost impossible for her to accept it.

For Harry there was not only Joey but Sarah too, as he watched grief and despair draining life from her and destroying all hope for a normal existence.

This is not an isolated situation shown here. This cloud of sorrow and shattered dreams hangs over homes all over this land. It is hoped that this play will bring into sharp relief the full complexity of the problem of mental retardation.

DISCUSSION LEADER

The leader should be able to create an atmosphere conducive to informal and free discussion in which everyone feels able to participate. His position is strengthened by the knowledge that each audience will be informed in advance that a discussion period is scheduled after the performance.

It is imperative that he be familiar with the script of the play and knowledgeable in the field of mental retardation; that he knows the extent of the problem and what is being done about it. He is not a lecturer or teacher but he must be able to stimulate thinking and answer certain questions.

In introducing himself the leader may suggest that the frank reactions and observations of the audience will make the experience more meaningful for everyone.

One can expect that personal biases and images will be reflected in the comments. Some people may be annoyed with Sarah or Harry and others will disagree with them. In such a situation the leader becomes something of a mediator, at the same time explaining something of the dynamics of human behavior within our culture: i. e., parents' expectations for their children; the meaning of failure; anxiety about the child's future; the possibility that Sarah herself has grown dependent upon Joey's dependence; the possibility that over-protection may be a defense against rejection. Questions may be raised about the reality of Joey's employability which may lead to some elaboration regarding the role of workshops in preparing for outside employment and the fact that an increasing number of employers are finding the retarded steady reliable workers, more dependable in performing routine tasks than persons of higher intelligence.

Joey's very brief appearance may be questioned for example "why don't we see him do something"? This was a deliberate device since the play will be put on by amateur groups and portraying a retarded person is difficult for even the most skillful actor.

It is impossible to predict all of the reactions that may be elicited or to say exactly how long the discussion period should last. Both will vary according to the make-up of the group and their special interests. The main concern of the leader is to see that everyone who wants to express his ideas has an opportunity to do so, that discussion flows smoothly while at the same time permitting pauses of sufficient length for people to collect their thoughts.

PROSPECTIVE AUDIENCES

Since the play is intended as a medium for public education and training it may be presented before a wide variety of groups. To suggest a few--- social, professional and civic associations; labor, management, church membership groups, P. T. A., etc. It would also be particularly appropriate for students in counseling, social work, psychology and medicine. Associations for helping retarded children will sponsor many performances.

In groups representing special interests, discussion may be pin-pointed on particular aspects of the situation. For example,

counselors might center discussion around the role of the counselor and how he handled Sarah's dilemma. Social workers on the other hand might want to consider ways in which a case worker could have helped. P. T. A. groups could very well be stimulated to take action regarding an increase in special and vocational classes. In each instance the leader should explore fully those ideas which, if discussed and elaborated, may result in a deeper understanding of the problem or some positive action which would be appropriate for the group to pursue.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THESE ARE NOT CHILDREN was commissioned by the Vocational Rehabilitation Administration. It was written by Jerome Alden with the guidance of an Advisory Panel.

Advisory Panel

Dr. Salvatore DiMichael, Chairman
Regional Representative,
Vocational Rehabilitation Administration

Dr. Gunnar Dybwad, Executive Director, National Association for Retarded Children, Inc.

Dr. Stanley P. Davies, Author of "The Mentally Retarded in Society"

Miss Adeline Johnesse, Psychiatric Social Work Consultant, Vocational Rehabilitation Administration

Mr. W. Oliver Kincannon, Chief, Publications and Reports Service, Vocational Rehabilitation Administration

Mr. Bernard Rosenberg, Member of President's Committee on Employment of the Handicapped

Miss Ann Switzer, Executive Director, Connecticut Association for Retarded Children

---

Miss Vera Allen, Vice-Chairman, PLAYS for LIVING
Mrs. Otto L. Spaeth, PLAYS for LIVING Committee
Miss Margaret Stoddard, Script Editor
Miss Clare M. Tousley, Executive Director, PLAYS for LIVING

The play, produced by Louis Simon and directed by Phillip J. Smith, had its premiere performance on October 17, 1962 at the Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Illinois, at the Annual Meeting of the National Association of Retarded Children. The following Broadway cast appeared:

Eugenia Rawls	- Mother
Arthur Seelen	- Father
Ed Maxcy	- Son
Jim Stephens	- Rehabilitation Counselor
Phillip J. Smith	- Stage Manager